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A SONG OF PRAISE.

WHEN winter clothes the earth in white,
When coldest winds are blowing,
When shortest days bring longest night,
When streams are flowing—
Then in the shelter of the home
We know the joy of living.
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.
When spring returns with sweetest breath,
When life is gay and singing,
When life prevails where once was death,
Relief and gladness bringing—
Then in the leafing of the trees,
In verdure new and tender,
We see the work of Providence,
And hearty praise we render.
When summer's dreamy days are o'ers,
And in the vales and mountains
We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains—
Then from the glory of the hills,
From splendor wide abounding,
From all things warm and bright and fair
A call of praise is sounding.
But chiefly when the autumn comes,
With all its wealth of treasure,
And rich reward and rarest toil
Bestows in fullest measure—
A myriad orchards, fields, and vines
Proclaim to all the living:
"A loving God supplies our needs,
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"
—Mary Joanna Porter, in Harper's Bazar.

MARTHA GATES' THANKSGIVING

ES," said Mrs. Gates, decidedly, "I'm going to do it!"

Her husband looked at her transfixed with horror. "But listen to reason, Martha," he said, pleadingly. "You mean all right enough, but it's a terrible risky experiment. You'll spoil the hull day for them and us too."

"Just wait and see, 'Bijah,"

"A nice Thanksgiving we'll have!" groaned Farmer Gates. "It's just reckless the way you're going to do it. I'll go and tell Jane about it, and stop her."

"Now see here, 'Bijah Gates," said his wife, turning around upon him quickly. "If there's any recklessness about this hull business, I reckon it'll all be owing to you. Here's Jane and John Roberts hasn't spoke to each other for fifteen years—own brother and sister, too—all on account of nothin', as you might say. She's livin' on the old farm all alone with old Jib, growin' crankier an' bitterer every day. As far him, he's got a pretty little wife an' baby, an' yet I'll bet his heart keeps a hankerin' after the sister that was alwuz a mother to him. An' I say it's a shame, an' I'm jest a-goin' to bring 'em together!"

He shook his head. "It can't be done, Martha," he said. "If you bring 'em together in this house it'll make it unpleasant for every one. Besides, it'll be a queer Thanksgiving for poor Tom and Susy, fur we've alwuz had such good jolly times on this day. We'll all be like chunks of ice."

Tom and Susy were as blue as their father over her mother's decision. "Lots of fun we'll have," complained Tom. "I don't see what mother can find in it. Jane, a regular straight-laced old maid. Her very looks would turn sweet milk sour."

"I know I shall laugh at her," said Susy. "I do just love to do something a little bit improper, just to see how shocked she looks. She thinks I'm the boldest, worst-mannered girl she ever met, I know she does. And she thinks Tom's the sulkiest."

"Susy," said Tom, scornfully, "I do wish you'd be a little more particular about your grammar. One would suppose I was the sulkiest girl she ever met. Don't understate my dignity any more than necessary. It'll be crushed enough when Aunt Jane comes. She isn't our aunt, either—only our second cousin, thank goodness!"

"Oh, mother," tauntingly cried Susy, "here's Tom talking about losing his dignity because my grammar made him out a girl. My goodness! I reckon there isn't any such thing as a dignity unless it's connected with be-y, boy!"

"Now do stop your quarrelling," exclaimed Mrs. Gates. "It's very strange that you two can't talk without saying something hateful to each other. I don't see why you can't behave and treat each other politely as you do other people's brothers and sisters."

"But Susy is so unlikable," grumbled Tom.

"And Tom is so dignified," sarcastically retorted Susy, "that even his own sister can't touch him with a ten-foot pole!"

"Besides," said Mrs. Gates, severely, "Aunt Jane has enough to make her stern and unloving. She was a pretty girl when Mrs. Roberts died and left John, only three years old. She was going to be married, but gave that and everything all up, to make a home for her father and John. Then her father got sick with old-fashioned consumption, and for long, weary years she took care of him and managed the farm, and took care of John, till her health gave out an' her nerves got all unstrung. Then she grew awful fretty, an' every thing bothered her. An' John, he never understood how it was. An' after their father died they had a few words, which led to bigger ones, and John called her a mean, hateful old maid, that the world would be better off if she was out of it, and she retorted that that was all she thanks she got for givin' up everythin' for him. So they parted. She gave John half of what the place was worth, an' he bought another in Stamford. An' they're never spoke sence. But I know

she's most broke her heart over it, an' it's a shame."

"But how in the world, Martha," said Mr. Gates, "kin you reconcile two people if they won't be reconciled?"

"That's jest what I'm goin' to try to find out, father," said his wife, "I really don't know nothin' about it, but it does seem to me as if they couldn't be in the same house together, an' at a Thanksgiving dinner, too, without thinkin' of the past an' kinder meltin'."

An' there's the baby, too! I s'pose it will be kinder embarrassin' at first, but if we use tact, an' be real keeful—"

The unsuspecting brother and sister both accepted their cousin's urgent invitation to spend Thanksgiving with her family. Poor 'Bijah's heart misgave him more and more as the time passed on. He didn't have the heart to speak his discouraging thoughts to his troubled wife, and he felt that it would not be loyal to her to appear to blame her to Tom and Susy, so he made a frequent confidant of old Sorrel, the horse, to whom he would shake his head and say: "I never looked forward with dread to Thanksgiving day before, Sorrel, an' I hope I never will again."

On Thanksgiving eve, 'Bijah Gates and his wife were at the depot to meet their guests. The train from the east came in and deposited John and his pretty young wife, and his wonderful baby. Then the train pulled away westward. 'Bijah placed the three newcomers on the back seat, then they waited a few minutes before starting, ostensibly for the purpose of talking. Then the train from the west slid in.

Now Mrs. Gates' heart gave a great jump, and 'Bijah became very nervous and uneasy. What would Jane say when they brought her to the carriage, and she saw who were there?

Mrs. Gates slipped away to meet Jane. "Thank heaven, it's too dark for her to see! Now if the train'll only start before she finds it out! Then she can't do nothin', but come with us to-night; anyway, 'cause there isn't another train till to-morrow morning."

This train also pulled off. Mrs. Gates began to feel a little shaky, as she escorted Jane to the carriage. What would Jane say when they brought her to the carriage, and she saw who were there?

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fiere wind arose, and when John and his wife went to bed their panes were covered with a thick frost in spite of the fire in the little stove, which on this night proved inadequate to keep the large room warm.

John, too, was considerably annoyed at Martha Gates' deception. He would have done anything to spare his wife the unpleasantness of this ill-advised Thanksgiving gathering.

"I hope ma's satisfied now," said Tom, sulkily, as he and his sister were getting ready to go to their rooms.

"She probably is," muttered Susy. "I think it's so silly for a girl to be giggling all the time," said Tom.

"And I think it's just delightful to have a dear brother find so much fault all the time," said Susy.

And even far into the night Mrs. Gates lay wakeful and restless beside her sleeping husband. Her strong, resolute spirit was completely humbled. "Oh, dear Lord," she whispered, "I meant it all for the best! Ah! there no way to bring 'em together? Oh, make a way!"

At last a feeling of sweet peace stole over her troubled senses and she slept. She awoke very suddenly. Someone was moving about in the kitchen. She could hear the stove covers rattling and other sounds, then startled voices. She lit a lamp, half dressed herself and entered the kitchen. There were John and his wife, also half dressed, trying to give the baby a warm drink.

Everything was confusion for a little while. The only thing definitely known and understood was that the baby was dangerously ill.

Then 'Bijah was aroused and started off posthaste for the doctor. In the meantime the baby grew less and less able to breathe.

The young mother was crying pitifully as she held the baby to her breast. John walked about the kitchen in a perfectly frenzied condition and Martha looked on helplessly.

Suddenly a gaunt, stiff form appeared in the doorway. It was Jane.

"Don't any of you people know anything?" she exclaimed, vigorously. "That child's got the membranous croup."

"No, none of you. But Charles," looking at the waiting bicyclist— "begged me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisfied? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?"

"Go dress yourself properly, Maude," said her mother.

"Yes, got!" shouted the repentant family.

And ten minutes later a neat figure in brown cap, skirt and gaiters and a pink shirt waist, rode merrily off on her wheel. —N. Y. World.

BAIRD'S TAPIR.

A Common Enough Animal That Can Not Be Seen in Any Collection.

Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of Baird's tapir there is not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively the only world possessions in representation of this species, and what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes.

Our universal poverty in specimens of the tapir named in honor of Prof. Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and southern Mexico.

Although tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Franzini informs us that the Costa Rica Baird's tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the backwoodsman salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful."

Tapirs are very fond of salt-leeks which are found in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears. —W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

The Pacific Slope Still Has Gold.

Out on the Pacific slope the old mining experts and some who are not such veterans, but, nevertheless, know a great deal about the mineral riches of that section, are filled with disgust when they see the world, America, exulting, going crazy over the gold fields of South Africa, while the deposits of that metal between Mexico and Alaska go comparatively unheeded by capitalists. Both in California and in British Columbia there are plenty of men who insist that after the boom in South Africa shall have burst and the west Australia excitement "all have died out the world will come back to the Pacific slope of North America for its best and surest supply of the precious metal, which was once eagerly sought than it is now. —Cleveland Leader.

A Terrible Warning.

Visitor (in insane ward)—And I suppose the fellow fishing in the tub of water thinks he is Simple Simon?

Warden—Not at all. He's the humorist who first invented the joke about the little boy who went fishing and didn't catch anything until he got home. —Philadelphia Record.

Something to Be Thankful For.

If you have nothing else to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day, you can at least be thankful that you are not a turkey. —Atchison Globe.

TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

Why the Bicycle Girl Was a Weird and Wuzzy Spectacle.

She was probably the weirdest-looking spectacle ever seen on Manhattan Island. She came down the steps of her remote Harlem home and confronted her family on the front steps. Two bicycles of the masculine and feminine gender respectively stood at the bottom of the steps, and a masculine bicyclist lounged against the rail.

"Why, Maude!" exclaimed the apparition's mother. "What have you on your head, child?"

It was quite evident that Maude had on a big black chin hat trimmed with pink roses and black chiffon.

"My garden-party hat," replied Maude, composedly. "You know that the last time I rode papa objected to my cap. He said there was no reason why I should make myself more hideous than nature had intended me to be, and added that this was a becoming piece of headgear."

"But—Maude!" cried her eldest sister, "you have forgotten your skirt."

"Oh, no, I haven't," said Maude. "I am wearing black satin bloomers because Claude declared that no woman who wore a skirt could ever look at ease on her wheel. So I have simply left it off."

"Will you be kind enough to explain why you are wearing silk stockings and strapped slippers?" demanded Maude's father.

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman. "Mamma says that it breaks her heart to see me with hideous bicycle shoes and masculine-looking gaiters on. And I don't wish to break her heart."

"Why are you wearing that heavy Norfolk jacket and a standing collar this warm night?" demanded Maude's brother.

"Because sister has assured me that she loves to see me look trim and trim, and has added that I look trim in nothing else."

"Well," exclaimed her aggrieved mother, "you surely can't accuse any of us of asking you to add the finishing touch to your ridiculous get-up by wearing that gold chain and heart-shaped locket."

"No, none of you. But Charles," looking at the waiting bicyclist— "begged me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisfied? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?"

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PITH AND POINT.

"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never seen your wife." —Life.

"He (coming out of the warm theater)—"You look like a broiled lobster." She—"Well, I just feel like something to eat." —Yonkers Statesman.

"Fraulein, for months I have carried this thought in my head." "Oh, the poor thought must be lonesome to be entirely without company." —Fliegende Blaetter.

"He—"Why shouldn't I be happy? I love you, and you know all the world loves a lover." She (in alarm)—"But then, suppose you should return it." —Boston Transcript.

"Never," began the philosophical drummer, "never marry a woman with a square protruding chin." "I never do," said the drummer from Chicago. —Indianapolis Journal.

"He used to say, 'Will you be mine?' No more the style endures. Of woman 'new,' still divine. He asks, 'Can I be yours?' —Washington Star.

"Council for the Defendant (sarcastically)—"You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witness for the Plaintiff (cordially)—"I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you." —Tit-Bits.

"Politics," said the self-made man, "always reminds me of something I noticed when I set out in life as a sailor." "What was that?" "There's no good knowin' the ropes unless you've got a pull." —Washington Star.

"I desire," said the scientist, "to imagine myself as to the mean temperature of this region." "Well," replied the native, as he shook the rain off his overcoat, "you couldn't have come in a better time. This is it." —Washington Star.

"Wiggles—"I hear Bjents has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet?" "Waggles—"Well, he's convalescent but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away." —Somerville Journal.

"Miss Watson—"That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character?" "Novelist—"I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry." —Vogue.

"What's the matter, Rastus? You look angry." "I is, sah. I is. Dat or'nary Col. Peppergrass done called me a nigger, sah." "Well, Rastus, what are you?" "I is a nigger, sah, an' dat's what done make me so mad, sah." —Harper's Bazar.

"Papa, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken." "Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anything now." "Why, you said this morning that it was never too late to mend." —Harper's Round Table.

The president of one of our colleges near the beginning of the school year, made this announcement at evening prayers: "Up to noon to-day one hundred and fifty-seven freshmen had been admitted; the largest class on record." Then he read the chapter in Psalms beginning: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

"Climbed It with Scripture.—A minister who had not been paid his salary according to contract, in tendering his resignation said: "Brethren, I have accepted a call to a better position—that of chaplain of the state penitentiary."

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

THEY CALLED HIM VENUS.

A Funny Christening Incident in an English Church.

Sometimes in English country parishes, where the clergyman has been accustomed to have his own way, he protests rather vigorously if the name proposed for a child about to be christened does not suit him. Occasionally, however, he does so upon false premises.

The late Dean Burgon, when in a curate in Berkshire, was requested by a village couple to christen their boy "Venus," or as they called it "Vanna."

"Are you aware," he said, "that you are asking something ridiculous as well as exceedingly wicked? Do you suppose I am going to give a Christian child, a boy, the name of a woman in heathen mythology? How did such a monstrous notion get into your heads?"

"Please, sir," said the father, "we want him called after his grandfather."

"And do you mean to say his grandfather was named Venus?"

"Yes, sir; there he is, sir."

A poor old man, looking very unlike Venus, hobbled out of the city crowd.

"Do you dare to say you were christened Venus?" asked the indignant clergyman.

"Well, no, sir," was the respectful answer; "I was christened Sylvanus, but they always called me Vanna." —N. Y. Independent.

Manufacture of Precious Stones.

Since science has demonstrated that artificial rubies can be manufactured, there is little doubt that before long diamonds and other gems will also be turned out from the laboratory. It can scarcely be said that made rubies are not genuine, as they differ in no respect of material or appearance from the stones manufactured by nature, but it is declared possible to distinguish them by means of a microscope. It is a curious caprice that will discard an article as spurious merely because it is turned out of the laboratory of man instead of nature, especially when there is no difference between the two products. —N. Y. Ledger.

Winkers Succeeded.

Blinkers—Has Winkers succeeded in teaching his daughter to ride her new bicycle yet?

Minners—Yes, she is out riding now. "Is Winkers with her?"

"No, he's in a hospital." —N. Y. Weekly.

WOMAN AND HOME.

DEALS IN LIVE STOCK.

Kansas City Girl Meets with Success in the Commission Business.

The new woman has forced herself into almost every position of any note, but the idea of a real, live woman going into the live stock commission business is novel, to say the least. This wonderful woman is Miss Jennie Goodwin, of Kansas City. She is twenty-four years old, and for six years served as stenographer with a firm of live stock commissioners. Through her position she came in constant contact with customers, and became acquainted with nearly all of the leading shippers of the southwest. About two months

ago she first thought of starting in business, and decided that she could succeed as well as many of the men who went into the same work, who were possessed of no more good sense or judgment than she herself claimed. She looked the field over thoroughly and carefully, weighing every suggestion she could think of pro and con, and finally determined that she could give as good service as anyone else, and a few weeks ago opened her office at the Kansas City stock yards. She has been fortunate in securing a good salesman, who has been at the yards since 1873, the year after Miss Goodwin was born. The hog man is also an old stock-yarder. Miss Goodwin is very popular about the exchange, and now that she is making her own way in the world finds that the number of friends have increased wonderfully. She has received propositions from several wealthy capitalists to